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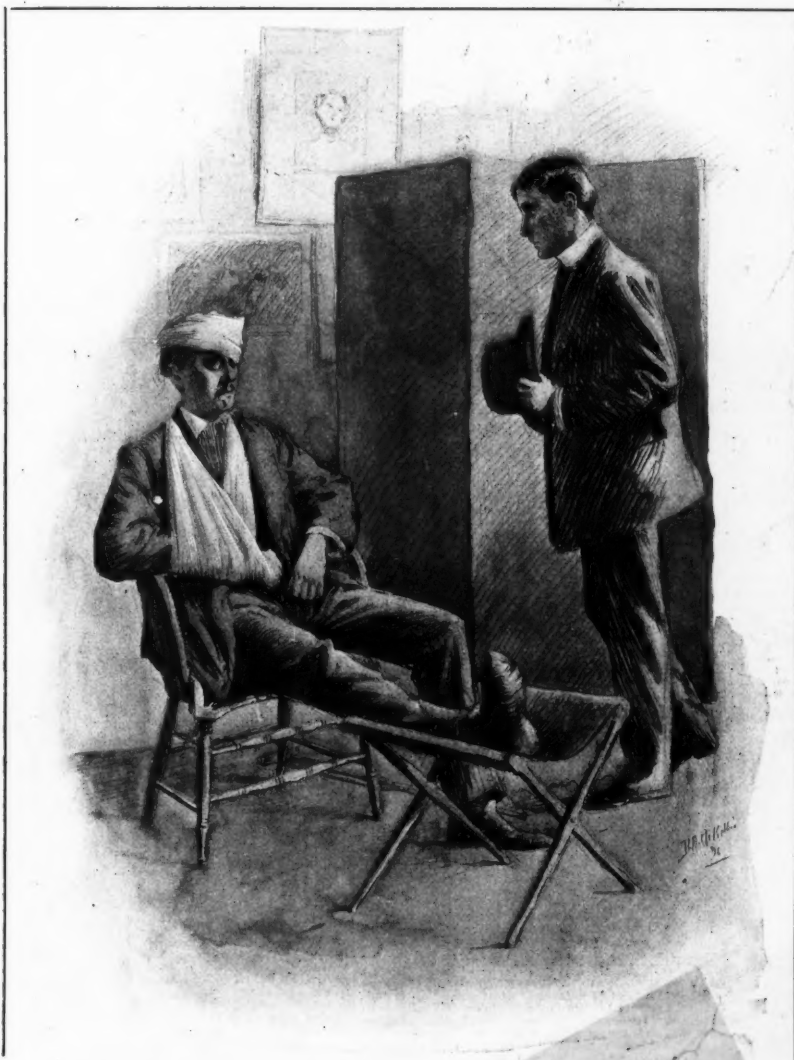


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"OH! I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK A GIRL'S 'NO' MEANT 'YES' WHEN HER FATHER WAS IN THE HOUSE."

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The Children's Friend: GOO GOO, AN' WHE' DO DE
DITTLE TOOTSEY-WOOTSEY DO? GOO GOO?

The Child: OH, JUST OUT FOR A LITTLE RECREATION
WITH GERTIE HERE.

SOME MISTAKES CORRECTED.



own. Rural communities still cherish this theory concerning the streets, but in more enlightened regions it is recognized that they are for the use and amusement of such corporations as the electric light companies, and more especially the street railway companies.

In some places there is an impression abroad that these companies deliberately try to shut off citizens from such use of the streets as they might get without interfering with the convenience of the corporations, but this is a mistake. They

seldom tear up any street to such an extent that an able-bodied man who has devoted a few summers to mountain climbing cannot make his way through it. Those who are not thus qualified would better go around by other streets. The companies are not to blame for the inferior physique of the average American.

Still less correct is the supposition that the street railway companies are directed by the re-incarnated spirits of Herod and Tamerlane, and that they have a standing rule that all gripmen and conductors who fail to run down at least one person a week shall be discharged. It is true that anyone reading a list of the accidents for the last six months might be led to believe these rumors, but in every case no one was to blame but the victim; he should have kept out of the way or secured safety in a cab at \$1.00 an hour. The street railways wish to teach the average citizen carefulness, and they will do it even if they have to kill him in the process. It is a rather forcible lesson but it never has to be repeated—with that particular person, at least. Under these circumstances many persons would become discouraged, but the street railway companies are animated by too high a sense of duty for this, and they cheerfully pursue their course, knowing that some day they will reap their reward.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE DOG AND THE MEAT.

A DOG with a piece of meat in his mouth was crossing a bridge over a placid stream. On looking down he saw another dog with a precisely similar piece of meat in the water below him. "That's a singular incident," he thought to himself as he prepared to jump in. "But hold a minute! The angle of incidents is always equal to the angle of reflection. Upon reflection, I find that the other dog and the meat are only optical phenomena." And he trotted on his way to Boston, without further thought about the matter.

H. W. Phillips.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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AND now for Chicago! This number of LIFE finds the Democratic Convention assembled and facing its job, while the country regards it with hopes

and fears assorted on geographical lines.

The Democrats of New York, taking their cue from Mr. Whitney, declared the other day in their State Convention for bi-metallism by international agreement, and will try to persuade their Western and Southern brethren that a free silver coinage plank in the Democratic platform will tend to defeat the very cause it aims to help. Possibly they may succeed, but what is expected of the Democrats at Chicago at this writing is that they will come out for unconditional free silver coinage. If they do, the voters who believe in the gold standard can express their sentiments by voting for the gold plank adopted by Mr. Hanna's convention, and that they undoubtedly will do, whatever their sentiments may be about Major McKinley.

* * *



IT is a mistake to suppose that there is any prejudice against gold dollars in the West. What is wanted there is dollars; dollars of any sort or substance—paper, silver, leather, gold—but dollars. We hope to wallop the silver heresy out of our Western brethren, but their cry for dol-

lars is a touch of nature that marks them unmistakably our kin.

We feel for them with a sympathy just as acute as though we believed in their methods. That is the difference between the row over slavery and the present row over free silver. The North came finally to hate slavery with an angry intolerance. It doesn't hate free silver and doesn't hate the men who shout for it. It simply disbelieves in its expediency and fights it because it threatens to pile up disaster upon distress.



A RECENT examination in supplementary proceedings in New York brought out the fact that a well-known clubman had been able to owe his bootmaker five thousand dollars. This symptom of the scarcity of ready money in the East is commended to the attention of the Western silverites. Dollars are by no means a drug even among the gold bugs of the metropolis, but we of New York, when they fail to come, don't fly off and embrace some outrageous fiscal heresy; we simply reduce our wants as much as is tolerable and for what we must have we owe. Of course there are objections to our system, but, alas! there are objections to everything. In a town where a single citizen can owe a bootmaker five thousand dollars the necessities of life at least must be within the reach of all.

* * *



HARVARD'S self-respecting determination to worry through the college year just finished without playing any games or rowing any races with Yale seems not to have involved her in any serious embarrassment or deprived her of any experience which she has been used to value. Princeton took care of her in football last fall and in baseball this spring; Cornell has seen to her in a thorough and workmanlike manner both in the

Freshman and University boat races, and she closes a season of exceptional activity in her customary state of mind and pocket, and with her usual emotions. She has demonstrated that, Yale or no Yale, there are foes worthy of her style and who leave her no occasion to sigh for more exacting competitions. Athletically considered she is a fortunate university. All the other colleges want to play all sorts of games with her and she tries to accommodate them. She gets lots of experience and lots of discipline, both of which her young men need. Every college that can win from her is proud of it, and eager to do it again. She thrives on adversity, does all things pretty well, and grows bigger and stronger every year.

Cornell is very good at rowing in American waters. We shall all be interested to learn whether Yale can outdo her record abroad.



He: SO IT IS ALL FORGOTTEN: EVEN YOUR KISSING ME THAT NIGHT A YEAR AGO.
"YES. I NEVER COULD REMEMBER FACES."

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

WE have a tent!

A good, roomy, waterproof, canvas edifice for the children to play in on rainy days. It has been sorely needed, as the house and barn have too little space for the proper disportment of so many children. And on that account rainy days have been heavy trials at Branchville.

Hereafter we shall defy the elements—unless, of course, they really go for us—and our city boarders can be as noisy in the worst of weather as when the sun is shining and the grass is dry.

We herewith express our thanks to John F. McHugh for a generous reduction in the price because of its purpose.

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QUICK AND SURE.

TROLLEY PRESIDENT: How does that new fender work?

SUPERINTENDENT: I never saw anything like it. They never know what strikes them.

THE WRONG NOTE.

A NATURAL manner was her aim.

Sincere and simple, and all that:

She failed, but she was not to blame,

For she resided in A flat!



A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR ROMANTIC FICTION.

THERE would be a great saving of bloodshed and suffering in fiction if, before a man wrote a novel of adventure, he should be compelled by statute to undertake the hazardous enterprise himself. There would be more foresight and common humanity in the stories, and less feminine caprice. That is how a book like Casper Whitney's "On Snow Shoes to the Barren Grounds" (Harpers) differs from "Under the Red Robe" for example. Of course if Mr. Weyman had written Mr. Whitney's book there would have been more musk-oxen at the end of the



GOT THE BUDGE ON HIM.

hunt, and the hair-breadth escapes would have occurred at more frequent intervals and on the last page of conspicuous chapters.

Mr. Whitney's journey to the Arctic circle in midwinter in search of a head or two of big game was certainly a test of endurance and pluck. The game may not have been worth the candle; but at any rate he got there, and accumulated material for a pugnacious narrative of travel and adventure.

* * *

MR. WHITNEY evidently set up his hardships beforehand, and walked right into them. He trained for them just as an athlete trains for a race. He could have escaped most of the suffering by going a few months later, and moreover he could have achieved more trophies of wood-bison and musk-ox—but who wants to read about a prosperous undertaking of that placid kind?

Starvation is the stock in trade of all Arctic adventurers when other horrors fail, and Mr. Whitney works the pangs of hunger for all they are worth. There is really no necessity for having any such pangs in these days when you can purchase beef lozenges and capsules of condensed extracts that will keep you going far better than the famous pemmican, or even raw-hide boot soup. But they are not romantic, and it makes poor copy to say that "at the end of a day of unusual hardship we dined sumptuously on one of Doe & Roe's famous Tenderloin Tablets equal to 2lbs. of the best beef."

Mr. Whitney tries to destroy one of the accepted traditions of camping in the far North. At one fell swoop he attempts to annihilate the sleeping-bag. He says that he ripped his sleeping-bag to pieces, and restored it to its original blanket form in

which it is possible to roll up snug and tight. No sportsman will allow this calumny to prevail. A man who has been saved from the cold feet and shoulders of the camp blanket by a sleeping-bag is going to stick to it. What Mr. Whitney needed was a light blanket to roll tight around him, and then to crawl into his sleeping-bag.

The most interesting part of the narrative is the account of life at the far-away, desolate posts of the Hudson Bay Company. They are pictured realistically, and leave the impression of reservoirs of romance.

Droch.

"DID you say he was comfortably fixed?"

"No. I merely said he had plenty of money."

WHERE WORDS FAIL.

MR. GLADSTONE says that the behavior of the Grand Turk is far worse than any words have hitherto expressed. LIFE wishes Mr. Gladstone would try to say what he feels about the Sultan. We all feel as he does, and as we can't do anything, it would give some relief to our congested emotions to have some competent rhetorician speak out. What we prefer, of course, would be to see England wring the Sultan's neck. One could express his opinion of that in decent language, whereas, of course, to speak one's mind about the Sultan and his Kurds must necessarily be a very dirty job. Mr. Gladstone is a clean man and naturally shrinks from it, but if he should undertake it there are editors in America who will print his remarks in full, and no Anthony Comstock shall suppress them.



AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

WHO can question the value of vivisection in the face of discoveries such as this?

SEVENTH EXPERIMENT:—Large female dog. I proceed this time without anæsthetics, thinking that they have nullified previous experiments. The animal is fastened on the vivisection table. I dislocate successively both her shoulders, doing it with some difficulty. The animal, which appears to suffer much, is kept in a condition of dislocation for about half an hour. It struggles violently in spite of its bonds.

Here is conclusive evidence procured by "scientific" experiment, that a dog suffers the most exquisite agony when both shoulders are dislocated. Those of our readers who are familiar with the sensations of a dislocated joint will not doubt the conclusions reached by this eminent vivisector.

Let the noble work go on!

WHEN you borrow trouble you give your peace of mind as collateral.



A MISNOMER.

"MAMMA, WHY IS THIS CALLED AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE?"

THE WRATH OF CUPID.

WHEN Venus roamed Olympia's height, "When next I sieged a maiden's heart,
In radiant heavenly beauty, And wooed her toward compliance,
And sought to set all ill things right She nipped the point from off my dart,
By arts of love and duty, Because she'd studied science.
She found her Cupid weeping sore, And when I sang an am'rous lay
His bow and arrows broken, Of Venus and Apollo,
And thus did he his griefs deplore, She turned on me a Roentgen ray
And legends told in token: And said my brain was hollow.

"I sought to win a blonded maid—
She fled, and went to voting;
A ballot on my bow she laid,
Her virgin scorn denoting.
I begged her kisses—she cried 'Nay,'
And said I was a bear if
I joined not in the License fray,
And fought not 'gainst the Tariff.

"Again I found a lovely lass,
She was a platform preacher;
A gentler creed I dreamed, alas!
That I could eftsoons teach her.
She gave me Spencer, Huxley, Strauss,
I found no way to fault her,
With texts she did my transports douse,
My bow broke on her altar.

"At last I met a cycling girl,
In bloomers she was riding—
The chemic art made gold each curl;
Her native beauty hiding.
She had no use for ardent ways,
She pitied not my torture,
But said she might Love's ante raise
If I'd become a scorcher."

Then Venus fair embraced the lad,
And bade him calm his sorrow,
Nor worry o'er each earth-maid's fad,
But hope success to-morrow.
"Dear child," she said, "you must not cry,
These fads thy work ne'er covers;
For bloomers never reach too high
To hide the hearts of lovers."



BENEATH CONTEMPT.





THE EFFECTS OF LITERATURE.



A PROBLEM.

'TIS said that Little Cupid
Sets the fires of Love aglow:
But how does little Cupid
Scratch a match, I'd like to know?

SOCIETY.

THE BOGEY OF TO-DAY.

TO say that man is never at a loss for a conception of some objective cause of evil is a mere truism. Belief in an enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for unrighteousness is ineradicable. Each age, each race has its Bogey. For the mediæval saint, the Christian devil; for the Zulu, an ancestral ghost; for us, Society.

One hears much nowadays of the wrong-doing of society. The laborer is idle: the blame rests with Society. Woman errs; Society is at fault. Drunkenness, disorder and crime are laid at the feet of this hoary-headed sinner, Society, and it has come to pass that the

Recording Angel has but one account to keep.

Not long ago a noted sociologist described with pathos the discomfort of two tramps who took an overland journey clinging to the trucks of a Pullman car. He then told the sad story of a man who for six months successfully feigned deafness and by this means obtained support in a charitable institution.

"Think," said the lecturer, "of the social injustice in a country where men are driven to do things like these."



This view of the accountability of the individual reminds one of Bret Harte's "Fantine" (after Victor Hugo).

"Society attacked her and this is what she lost—first, her lover; then, her place; then, her liberty; then, her life.

"What do you think of Society after that?"

We would not quarrel with this tendency of mankind to shift the burden of responsibility for wrong-doing to something outside the soul. It has been the solace of the erring in all ages. It has robbed sin of the sting of loneliness. Through it has been granted to the wicked the helpful companionship of a sort of wedded life.

It is on æsthetic rather than on moral grounds that one



A GOOD WAITER.

USE BROWN'S
JAMAICA
GINGER



objects to the new drift of thought in regard to the source of all evil. Nowhere is to-day's lack of poetic power more apparent. By the side of the old ideas of the workers of wrong it dwindles to a mere notion. The poverty of the conception puts our generation to the blush.

The mediæval dragon became visible by means of its scales, its open jaws, its folded tail. The witch of all ages has ridden into reality on her broomstick. And the devil, to whom the departing Pan bequeathed his horns and hoofs, won credence through his concrete picturesqueness.

But "Society"? Its intangibility is unreality. It has not even marrowless bones. We cannot believe that which we cannot see even with the mind's eye, and are in danger that the good lady feared for her daughter under the influence of a new preacher, of losing faith altogether in a personal devil.

For the new ogre lacks personality. The mischief-makers of old times, dwarf, wizard and hobgoblin, were companionable. Even Milton's Satan is a person one would like to know in one's epic moments, and Mephistopheles fills one always with a baffled longing for further acquaintanceship. But Society is not winning. It is unsocial, unresponsive. No gracious human quality lends charm to the thin generalization.

Again, this has none of the suggestive power of the older ideas. The development of the spirit of evil has been rich in poetic mystery. The gloom that brooded over Ahriman, prince of darkness, and over Loki, the worker of wrong among the northern gods, filled men's hearts with awe. And the gods whom the Greek saw, stealing out of cloud or sunshine to blind men's eyes and make Fate sin in his stead, were wonderful because so dimly understood. "Society," too, it is hard to grasp, but the unintelligible is not the inexplicable. Not fear and not awe, but vexation of spirit results from the attempt to solve the mystery that clouds the term "Society."

Clearly, the new notion is inadequate. It is not fitted to perform the simplest duty of a principle of evil. We cannot see, we cannot fear the unimaginable spectre. Thus its æsthetic lack is moral lack. We cannot

do battle with the intangible, and ethical struggle is in danger of dying out of life.

To whom can we look for help in this crisis? Surely, some new poet will come to chase away this spectre and give us a prince of darkness, warm, alive, get-at-able.

The scientist who holds the present in his hands has failed us. Through him we learned to trace evil to our ancestors. But one's ancestor is remote, fenced round by death. Warfare ends at the edge of the grave. Even now when it might be said that Society and the Microbe are vying with each other to fill the gap left by the personal devil, the scientist is strangely silent. The microbe cannot become a popular conception while those who know him best refuse to generalize about him in public places. "Society" has at least the platform.

Woman, who is said to hold the keys of the future, has apparently nothing to suggest. Yet it would be fitting if, in a world under feminine rule, the spirit of darkness should for the first time assume feminine form. The serpent has had his day; it is Eve's turn now.

Meanwhile a starved world waits for a nobler conception. Until that comes we cannot quite give up the old familiar friends. They are too dear and too long tried to be lightly parted with. We can only beseech the swift years to let us have them yet a little time, imp, kobold, witch and demon. No abstraction can take their place. It is hard to let the half-gods go before the gods arrive.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"THAT'S what I call an up-to-date woman," said the livery stable man.

"Why?"

"She wanted a horse that a man could drive."



USE BROWN'S





THE PHARMACEUTICAL AUTOCRAT.

ONE man born apparently to be the intimidator of his fellows is the Drug-Clerk-Purveyor-of-Stamps.

Who has not experienced the abject sense of shame, the total loss of self-respect, the awful realization of his eleemosynary condition in society when facing this autocrat and petitioning for stamps!

Some diplomats have attempted propitiatory measures prior to stamp purchases by investments in his chemical wares. One to whom no Heaven-sent Tired-Feeling rendered a seventy-five cent bottle necessary, nor kind leanness awarded by Fate made Cod Liver Oil imperative, has even been found smoothing the way to tolerance of the degradation in stamp-purchasing by a five-cent ball of chalk or a spool of dental floss.

A devotional attitude at the directory is not wholly unavailing. A studied review of column after column of Smiths, Kellys, etc., gives a reflected light of literary beauty to one's countenance—or is it the deferential acknowledgment of his workshop's treasures?—that recommends itself to the descendant of the great Esculapius.

What heroism has the Soda-fountain witnessed in this connection? Egg-phosphate, strawberry-mash, our own Grevadine and sundry bibulous trifles have been resorted to. Not with a spirit of rivalry or emulation towards the matinee girl; with no thought of usurping her prescriptive right, but in the same spirit which drained the Hemlock potion centuries ago—the spirit to dare or die.

The famous war between Uncle Sam and John Bull had to deal with stamps galore. Possibly the Commission sitting at the present critical juncture, might find in total abolition of stamps the healing of old wounds, the olive branch of peace.

This abolition—"a consummation devoutly to be wished" by so great a majority (composed of stamp-clerks and buyees) by removing the indignity to office offered to the former, and assuaging the wounded feelings of the latter would (we deprecate all indignation at figure of speech) evoke a general stampede towards the millennium.

S. C. Very.



OH! THE SHAME OF IT.

Polly: SEE HERE, FEODORA, IT'S A NO USE O' YOUR STANDIN' THERE WID YOUR ARMS CROSST LIKE A WENUS DER MILO A PUTTIN' ON AIRS. I'LL GIVE YOU A POINTER, NUSSES HAS FEELINKS JUST THE SAME AS OTHER FOLKS, AN' I WON'T TAKE NONE O' YOLR SASS, AN' DON'T VER FORGIT IT!

Feodora (with intense bitterness): NOTHINK CAN'T BE EXPECTED BETTER OF NO ONE WHO SO FAR FORGITS HERSELF AS TO TAKE CARE OF CHINEE H'INFANTS.



FORMERLY THERE WERE WIDER DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIENT AND THE OCCIDENT THAN



EXIST AT PRESENT.



MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

Pater: I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER WITH ME A FEW MONTHS LONGER.

His Grace: I SHOULD MUCH PREFER THAT OUR MARRIAGE TAKE PLACE AT ONCE.

"OH, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO YOU? I WILL ADVANCE YOU ENOUGH TO LIVE ON IN THE MEANTIME."



THE AGE OF PERFECTION.

O worshipers of womanhood,
No more old shibboleths repeat
(Youthful hyperboles and crude!)
Their fulsome praise is now effete:
But with a measured rapture greet,
Nor indiscriminately strive
To prove all women young and sweet—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Time was you praised the maid's snood,
The timid eye, the lingering feet,
In modest bashfulness that stood,
Where rivulet and river meet.
Now childish grace is obsolete:
Our modern appetite would thrive
On riper grain, maturer wheat—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Tall Helen wandering in the wood,
And gentle Hermia small and neat,
Young Rosalind in costume rude,
Girl Juliet in your winding sheet,
You all, alas! are incomplete.
Then pray that time may means contrive,
Your changeless youthfulness to cheat—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

Then woman, sober and discreet,
(So men may choose you when they wive)
The moment seize—for time is fleet—
The Perfect Age is Thirty-five.

—The St. James's Gazette.

A LITTLE girl in Manchester recently drank a pint of paraffin oil. The doctor thought she would die until one of her relatives hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candlewick down into the oil, lit the upper end and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right.—*Weekly Telegraph*.

CHARLES FREDERICK ROBINSON HAYWARD, a Denver editor, wrote learnedly of the drama and could keenly analyze every phase of the actor's art. But his shortest criticism will probably outlive any other written by him. It was as follows: "George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, played 'Hamlet' at the Academy of Music last night. He played it till twelve o'clock." The only other criticism that seemed to class with this emanated from Leadville, where a performance of "Richard III." by a barn-storming troupe was chronicled under the glaring head-line of "Many Lives Lost."—*Argonaut*.

A BROOKLYN LULLABY.

NEVER mind the goblins, dear, they're only make believe;
The boggy man is something just invented to deceive;
But it is well to have it very widely understood
That the trolley cars will catch you if you are not very good.

So don't play tag or ring-a-round-a-rosy in the street;
Keep close inside the nursery, 'tis your only safe retreat;
Give up your romping merriment, as little children should,
For the trolley car will catch you if you are not very good.

—Philadelphia Press.



HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE SILK OF THE KINE. By L. McManus.
Tales of Fantasy and Fact. By Brander Matthews.
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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.
Social Forces in German Literature. By Kurt Franke, Ph. D.
A Stumbler in Wide Shoes.
The Touch of Sorrow.

A First Fleet Family. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

An Army Wife. By Capt. Charles King, U.S.N. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

Leaves of the Lotus. By David Banks Sickels. New York: J. Selwin Tait and Sons.

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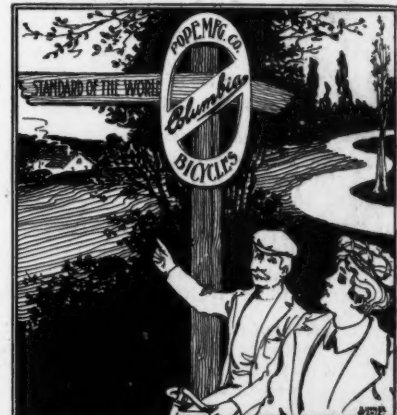
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Whose rotting wheels no more make merry rhymes;
There the church tower where the bells are still,
And—there the grocery where I failed six times.

There is the old town hall
Crumbling with age, but as I stand and gaze
I hear no more the ancient accents fall—
“I think I'll give you ten or thirty days.”

Scenes of my youth, alas!
But what bent figure in the twilight chill
Comes limping t'ward me over fields of grass?
My creditor, with a remembered bill.

—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution*.

THE theosophical gossips were discussing matters that were of deep interest to them, including mahatmas, reincarnations and things of that sort.

“That Perkins-Wilkins affair was a very sad one,” said the theosophical gossip in white at last.

“I hadn't heard of it,” replied the one in dark red.

“Dear me! I thought every one had heard of that,” returned the one in white. “Of course you heard of their original marriage?”

“I believe so. It was in 6500 B. C. wasn't it?”

“Yes, that was the date. You've heard of their devotion ever since then, too. I suppose?”

“I've heard something of it—that is, I've heard that they have been married at every reincarnation.”

“Precisely,” said the one in white. “The trouble all grows out of that. You see, in the course of these eighty-four centuries they have grown very devoted to each other.”

“Naturally.”

“And they have vowed eternal love and devotion.”

“Not at all surprising.”

“And they have sworn to marry again at every succeeding reincarnation.”

“Quite likely. But what of it?”

The one in dark red was becoming impatient for the details of the sad affair. “At the beginning,” explained the one in white, “Perkins was the woman and Wilkins was the man.”

“You surprise me!” exclaimed the one in dark red. “I hadn't heard of that.”

“Oh, yes; it's common gossip. At the third reincarnation the sexes in some way got mixed up, and Perkins became the man and Wilkins the woman. That was a trifle awkward, but it didn't interfere with their marital plans to any serious extent. Now, however—”

“Well, what now?”

“Now, I have just heard the sad details of their latest reincarnation, and there has been a fearful mistake made. They're both women this time, and the romance is all off.”—*Chicago Post*.

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